

1-38-2 N° 2

Lectayne psal,
mes chosen out of the psal-
ter of David / commonlye
called thee. vñ. penytentiall psal-
mes, drawen into englyshe me-
ter by S^t Thomas Ryp-
nayght, wherunto is ad-
ded a prologue of þaunc-
tore before eury psal-
me, very pleasaunt &
profitable to the
godly reader.

LIBRARY

Imprinted
at London in þawles
Churchyaerde, at the sygne
of the þeate, By
Thomas Ray-
nald.
And John Harrington.

To the right honorable
and his singuler good Lord, Will-
iam, Marquise of Northampron,
Earle of Essex, Barone of Kendal,
Lord parre, a knight of the most no-
ble ordre of the Garter, yourre moste
borden orator at commandement,
John Harrington, wþ shch helth, a
prosperite wþth increase of vertue a
the mercip of God for euer.

Consydering the manyfolde
dueties and aboundant securi-
tē that I owe vnto your good
Lordshyp (vyghte honorable, & my
singuler good Lord) I can not, but
see infinite causes, whyp I chieflē
of all others ought (wþth all che-
full and ready endeouour) to grāt-
syre your good Lordshyp by all mea-
nes possible, and to applye my selfe
wholpe too ther same, as one that
woulde gladly, but can by no meanes
be ably

able to do accordanlye as hys hon-
de duetle requireth: I cano:, I say,
but se & acknowledge my selfe bound-
de, and not able to doo soche seruice
as I owe, both for the inestimable
benefites þ your noble progenito:s,
and also your good Lordship hath
shewed vnto my parentes & predy-
cessors: & also to my selfe, as to one
least able to do anye acceptable ser-
vice, though he the wil be at all tymes
most ready, In teke wherof, youre
lordship shal at all tymes perceave,
by simple thinges, that my littel wit
shal be able to invent that ye myne
harte coulde do you any seruyce: no
labour or trauayle shulde withholde
me frō dypinge my duetie, & that ye
busy laboure & þ hert myght be able
to paye the ductye that loue obweth:
your lordshyp shulde in no post sym-
de me ingrate or unthankful, And to
declare this my redye wyll: I haue
dedicated byto your name, thys lic-

M.ii,

spiltecas

the treatysse, whyche after I had per-
used and by thadunse of others(bet-
ter learned then my self)detetermined
to put it in printe, that the noble fa-
me of so worthy a knyghte, as was
thee Muctor hereof, Sir Thomas
Wyat, shuld not perish but remay-
ne as wel for hys synguler learning,
as valiant dedes in mercyal feates:
I thought that I could not find a
more worthy patron for soch a mas-
worke then your Lordship, whō I
haue alwayes knownen to be of so
godlye a zeale, to ther furtheraunce
of gods holy & a secret gospel, most
humbly besechyng your good Lor-
deshippe, herin to accepte my good
wyll, and too esteine me as one that
wissched vnto the same al honour,
healthe, and prosperous successse.

A M E R.

Y our good Lordshyppes
most humble at cōmaūdemēt
John Harrington,

The Prologue of the Auctor

Loue to geue lawe vnto hys
subjectes hartes
Stode in the eyes of Batsebe
the bryghte
And in a looke anone hym selfes
conuertes
Crucilly, pleasant, before king Da
uids syght
Fyrst dased hys eyes, & furder forth
he startes
Worþ benimed bretche, as softly as
he myghte
Touche his senelwes, and ouer run
nes hys bones
Worþ creppinge fyre, sparkled for
the nones

2d And when he sawe, that kindled
was the flame
The noysome popson, in hys harte
he launced.

So

So that the soule dyd tremble wþþ
the same
And in hys brahole , as he stode and
traunced
Yeldyng unto the fygure, and thee
frame
That those farre eyes, hadde in hys
presens glaunsed
The forme that loue, had printed in
hys breste
He honoreth it, as a thyng of thyn-
ges best

¶ So that he forgotte, the wydowm
and forecaste
Soothiche woo to realinges, when that
the kyng dothe lacke
Forgettinge eke, goddes Maiestye
as faste
Yea, and hys owne, forth wþþ he
dothe to make
Wryte to goo, into thee felde in
vaste

¶
wryte

Wryte I saye: that was bys Zelocles
make
wnder pretence, of certayne
victorie
for encimyng swordes, a ready pray
to be

¶ Wherby he may, enfoye her out
of doubte
so hōme inore then God, or him self
he myndeth
And after he hadde broughte thys
thyngē about
And of that luste, possell hym self
he syndeth:
What hathe and dothe reuerse, and
clene turne out
Kynge from kynge doines, and cy-
ties vndermyndeth
He blynded thynges thys trapne, so
blynde and close
To blynde al thynges, that nothing
maye it disclose

Bvi

¶ But Nathan hath spied out this
trecherye
wryth wful cheare, and settes afors
hys face
The greate offence, outrage and in-
furcie
That he hath done too God, as in
thy case
By murder, for too clooke ad-
ulterye
He shewethe eke from heauen, thee
threates alas
So stetly soze, thys Prophete thys
Nathan
That al amased was, thys woful a-
ged man

¶ Like hym that meateth wyth hoy
rot and wythe feare
The heate doth streyght for sake the
lymyttes colde
The colour eke droppeth downe fro
hys cheare

¶ 80

So doth he seele hys fyre mang
folde

Hys heate, hys luste, his pleasure all
in scate

Consume and waste, and streyght
hys crowne of gold.

Hys purple paulet, hys scepter he let
falle fall

And to the ground, he thoweth hym
self wþt all

¶ Then pomptious pryde, of glate
and dignite

Forth with rebate repentaunt hum-
blenes

Thinner vple clothe, then clothed' pe-
uerie

Doth scantlye syde and cladde hys
nakednes

Hys papre hooze beacde, of reuerente
gtauitie

þoþt ruffeled hçye, knowyng hys
wyckednes

Mose

More lyke was he, the same repen-
taunce
Then statelpe prynce, of worldelye
gouernaunce

¶ Hys harpe he takethc, in hand to
be his guide
Wherwyrh he offreth, playnts hys
soule to sauue
That from hys harte, dystrylleteth on
euery syde
Wyrchedrawynge hym selfe, into a
dark e caue
Within the ground, wher he might
hym hyde
Flyinge the lyghte, as in pryson or
graue
In which as sone, as Dauid entred
had
The darcke horrore, dyd make hys
faulfe a driad
But wyrhout, prolongyng or de-
laye

DE

¶ Of that, whiche myghte hys Lord
hys God appeale
Falleth on hys knices, and wþt hys
harpe I saye
Afore hys breste, strawted wythe dy-
sease
¶ Of stormye sygnes, depe draughtes
of hys decaye
Dressed byryghte, sekynge to conter-
pase
Hys songes wythe sygnes, and cou-
chynge of the stringes
Wþt tender harre, too thys to God
he synges

Domine ne infurore

¶. 6.



Lord syng my mouthe,
thy myghtie name
Suffereth it selfe my
lord, to name a to call
Here hathc my harpe,
he taken by the same
That the repentaunce, whych I ha
ue and shall.

Mapc

Maye at thy hande, seke mercy as
the thyngē

Of onely comfort to wretched sin-
ners all

Wherby I dare w^m humble be-
inonyngē

By the goodness of thee, this thyn-
ge requyre

Chasyce me not, for my deser-
vingē

Accordyngē to thy fustē concea-
ued p^re

O lordē I d^rcade, and that I did
not d^reade

I me repente, and euermore
desyre

Thee to d^reade, I open here and
spredē

My faulte to thee, but thou for
thy goodnes

Measure it not, in largenes noz
In b^reade.

Punishe it not as asketh thee
greatnes

p^re

¶ Of thy furor pronounced by myne
offence

Temper, o lord, the harme of my
exesse

With mendyng wyll that I for
tercypence

Prepare agayne, and rather pytche
me

For I am weake, and cleane wyth
out defence

More is the nede, I haue of temes-
dyng

For of the hole, the leche taketh no
cure

The shewe that straycth thce shew-
parde sekes to see

I lord am stayed, and seke with-
out recute

Sele al my lynes, that haue rebel-
led for feare

Shake in despayre onelasse thou
me assure

My fleshe is troubled, my harte
doth feare the speare

¶ Chat

That drede of deathe, of deathe
that euer lastes

Threateth of ryghte, and draweth
nere and neare

Moch more my soule is troubled
by the blastes

Of these assautes, that come as
chick as hayle

Of worldly vanities, that temp-
tacion castes

Agnost the bulwerke, of the flesh
stayle

Wherin thc soule, in greate per-
plexitie

Feeleth the sences, wþth whē that
assayel

Conspire corrupte by pleasure
and vanitic

Wherby the wretche, dothe too the
shade resorte

Of hope in the, in thyg exre-
mptye

But thou, o lord, howe longe af-
ter thyg sorte

Fox

Forberest thou, to se my my-
servye

Suffer me yet, in hope of some
comfort

Feare not feele, that thou for-
gettest me

Returne (o lord) I beseeche thee
o lord

Unto thy olde, wanted benygnit
tyme

Reduce reuise, my soule, be thou
the leche

And reconcyle, the great hatred
and abyte

That it hathe had, agaynste the
lesse the wretche

That styyed hathe, thy wrath by
fylthy lyke

We howe my soule, doth streate
it to the boncs

Inwarde temorse, so charpeth
it lyke a knyfe

That but thou helpe, the caiffie
that bewones

Dps

Hys grcate offence, it turneth anon
to duste
Here hathe thy mercye, matter for
the nones
For yf thy righteouse hande, that
is so iuste
Suffre noo synne, or stryke wythe
dampnation
Thy infynite mercye, wanite, nedes
it muste
Subiecte inatter, for hys opera-
tyon
For that in deathe, there is no me-
morye
Among the dampned, nor yet no
mercyon
Of thy great name, grounde of all
glorye
Then yf I dye, and goo wher as
I feare
To thynke ther on, howe shall thy
great mercye
Sounde in my mouthe, vnto thee
worldes eare

fog

For ther is none, that can the laude
and loue

For that thou wylt no loue, among
them ther

Suffre my cryes, thee mercye too
moue

That wanted is, a hundred ycarcs
offence

In a moment of repentaunce, to
remoue

Howe ofte haue I called vp with
dyligence

This slouthfull acte, longe ago
to the daye

for to confes, hys faulte and
negligence

That to the denne, for oughte that
I could^r save

Hath still retayned, too thowde
bym selfe from colde

and hotby, it suffiseth none for soche
delaye

By myghete playnes, in neede of
pleasures oldes

I washe my bedde, with teares com
thirall

To dull my syghte, that it be ne-
tter holde

To sterc my hart agayne, to soche
a fall

Thus drye I vp, among my foes
in wo

That bythe my fall, doo tyse and
grome wytchall

And me be sett cuen nowe, where
I am so

wyrth sectre strappes, to trouble
my penaunce

None do presente to me, my we-
ptinge eyes

The chere, the maner, behyde, or
countenaunce

Of her, whose looke alas, dyd
make me bynde

Some other offer, to my remem-
braunce

These pleasant wordes, now bry-
ter to my mynde

and

And some shewe me the power,
of my armoure

Triumph, and conquest, and to
my head assaynde

Goodie dauncme, some shewe
faouure

Of people, freyle, palace, pompe
and riches

To the mercaydes, and they
vantes of errour

I stroppe my esres, wyt hulpe of
thy goodness

And for I fele, it comineth alone
of the

That to my harpe, these foes ha-
ue none accessse

Dare them byd, auoyde wretches
and sice

The Lorde hath heard, the voyce
of my complayne

Youre engynes, take no more ef-
fect in me

The Lorde hath heard (I saye)
and sent me faynte

2.11. Wmde

Under your hand, and putteth my
dystresse

He shal do make my sences, by con-
traynte

Obeve thee rule, that treason shall
expressse

Wherere that thee disceyte, of youre
glosing bayte

Made thun vutpe, a power in al
exesse

Shained be they all, that so do lye
in wayre

To compasse me, by mystyng of
theyr praye

Shame and rebuke, redownd to
soche dysceyte

Soden confusion, as stroke with
out delaye

Shall so deface, theyr craftye
suggestion

That they to hurt me helth, noo
more assaye

Mence 3, O Lorde, remayne in
my protection

The

The Auctor
Mo so hathe sene, the sycke in
 hys feuour

After trucc taken, wþþe the heate
 or colde

And that the sytte is past, of hys
 feuour

Drawe fayntinge syghes, let hym
 save beholde

Sorowefull David, after hys
 languor

That wþþ his teares, that from his
 eyen downe rolled
 Paused his playnre, and layd down
 hys harpe

Faythfull recordre, of all hys sorow-
 wes sharpe

PIt seemed nowe, that of hys faulte
 the horroure

Dyd make a scede nomore bye hope
 of grace

Thee threates wherof in horrible
 feare

Dy^d helde hys herte, as in despale-
te a space
Cyll he had wyll, to seke for hys
succouce
Bpm selfe accusyng, beknowynge
hys case
Thynkyng, so besse, hys lorde to
appace
And not yett healed, he fealethe hys
dysease

It frotis semeth feareful, no more
the backe caue
That erthe dyd make hys faulke, for
to tremble
A place deuoute, of refuge for too
faue
The succurles, it rather dyd resem-
ble
For who had sene, so knelling with
in the graue
The chiche pastore, of the hebreus
assemble
Woulde

2
an olde Judge st, made by teates of
pnytence

A sacred place, worthy of re-
uerence

¶ Wyt he vaporozed eyes, he loked
heare, and ther
And wher he hath, a whyle him self
bethoughte
Gatherpuge his spittes, that were
Disdymayde for feare
Hys harpe agayne, unto hys hand
he rought
¶ Tunyng accorde, by Judgemente
of hys eare
Hys hartes botome for a syghe he
soughte
And therewithall, vpon the holowe
tree
With strayed boyce, againe thus
cryed he

Beat



H happy are they, that
 haue forȝeuents gotte
 Of thair offence, not by
 therȝ penitence
 As by metite whiche re
 compenceth not
 Al thoughte that yet pardon, hathe
 not offence
 Anythoutc thee same, but by thee
 goodnessse
 Of hym that hathe, perfyttte in-
 telligence
 Of harte contrite, and couert thee
 greatnessse
 Of synne, wyrthyn a mercyfull
 discharge
 And happye are they, that haue the
 wylfulnessse
 Of lust restrayned, afore it went
 at large
 Prouoked by the dreme, of Gods
 furoz
 adhers

Wherby they haue not on their
backes the charge

Of other faultes, too suffer thee
dolor

For that theyr faulter was never
execute

In open syghte, example of
error

And happy is he, to whome God
doth impute

No more hys faulter, by knottled
gynge hys synne

And clesed nowe, thee lordē dothe
hym repute

As addet frēshe, newe strepped
from hys skynne

Nox in hys sprēte, is oughte un-
discouered

I for bycause, I hydde it sylle
wythin

Thinckinge by state, in fault to
be preferred

To fynde by hyding of my fault
my hatme

As he

As he that syndeth, bys heilthe
byndered

By secrete wounde , concealed
From the chartre

Of leches cure, that else had, had
redresse.

And sele my bones, consume and
ware unferine

yp dyplyc tage, roypnge in
exesse

The heauy hande, ouine was so
increaste

Both dore and nyghte, a hold my
Darte in presse

With prouinge thoughts, by re
usinge me: my selfe

That weithced is, my lusyns
awaye

As somer heates, that haue thee
geyng opprest.

Wherfore I dyd, another waye
assaye

And solighte forth wyrth, to open
In thy syght.

५८६

My faulte, my feare, my fylthines
I saye
And not to hyde, fro the, my great
vntyghte
I shall quoth I, agaynst my selfe
confesse
Unto thee Lorde, all my synfull
plyghte
And thou forth with, diddest teache
the wyckednesse
Of myne offence, of truthe ryght
thus it is
Wherfore they, that haue tasted
thy goodnessse
At me, shall take example, as of
thyngs
And praye, and seke in to me, for thy-
me of grace
Then shall the Qonnes, and Sud-
des of hatyne
And hym to reche, shall never ba-
ue the spacc
Thou art my refuge, and onclly
lauegarde

From

from the troubles that compass
me the place

Such joyes, as he that scapeth
his enemys warde
With loyenth losed bandes, hath
In liberte

Such is my soye, thou haste to
me preparde

That as the see man in his Ieo
patrye

By soden syght, perceaued hath
the lyghte

So by thy great merciful pro
pertye

Within thy bok thus reade I
my comforde

I hal the teache, and geue vni
derstandinge

And point to the, what way thou
Shalte resorte

For thy addresse to kepe the stō
wanderynge

My eye shall take the charge to
be thy guyde

I aske thereto, of the onclpe thyg
chynge

Be not lyke horse or mule that
men do ryde

That not alone doth his master
knowe

But for thee good, thou muste
hyrn beside

And bridled leſt hys gypde he
byte or throme

Oh diuersc there are chastesin-
ges of stane

In meat, and dynke, in brethe,
that man doth blowe

In slepe, and watche, in fretyng
ge spyl wyth in

That neuer suffer rest vnto the
mynde

Felde wythe offence, that newe
and newe begynne

Wyth thousande feares, the hat-
te to drayne and blynd:

But for al thyg he that in God
doth truſt

doþþe

Droppe swete, quall hym selfe
Defendeth synde
And thre, and synges, Elspe : you
Shal be made
To hym that maketh, & holde
you so styll
In hym ymre glorie, always
Set you myne
All you that be, of ynglyne hart
And wyl

The Auctor

Thus songe and yo, Dandry
Sprinkles boise
And in that boise, be aboute
Worth his age
Dyd seke the darcie caue, whiche hys
Coytoun boise wylle
Hys splence serued, to argue and
Englyne
Upon hys brys, hys pece that
Dyd octope

so god call
And somer mercys, at plenyfull
mercyng band
Ferre damed, but safetie was
wytchandise

¶ Is the scrutinize, to bys impo-
nites face
fyndyng pardon, of bys passed of-
fence
Consyderynge his greate goodness,
and bys grace
Gladde teares drayles, as glad-
some accompanie
Mygbee so dauld, senned in thee
place
A marble Image, of synguler won-
dence
Carued in the rocke, wþ the eyes and
barme on byghe
Whades by craft, to playn, to sobbe;
so byghe

achys

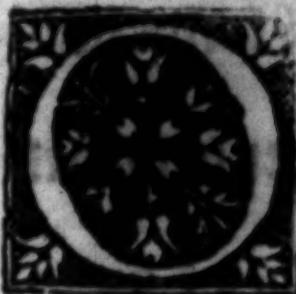
Some ther with a bowe ther bygyn
Some sooth [embeth]
That some the lyghte was more
Some could hysde
Beneath ther caue, and on the harpe
Descedethe
Whose glaunting lyght, the world
Dyd over glyde
And suche luxurie vpon the harpe
Extenderthe
As lyghte of lampe, vpon the golde
Cleare tryed
The toyne wherof into his eyes did
Flette
Suppryseid with toyce, by pennau-
ce of the hatte
He more enflamed, with farre
more hote chace
Of God then he was erthe of Wat-
sabe
Hys leste foote dyd on thee earthe
erthe
Juste thereby remaynthe the other
knee

AC

For me let me I you, my sinnes are
Bothe dyrecte
For heire of helthe, bys haerpe &
gayne taketh he
Bys hanbe, bys turme, bys mynde
Soughthe bys laye
Sowbyche to the lord, with sober hoy
ce dyd saye

Ps. 38.

Domine ne in furore tuo.



Lord as I haue ḡ, both
prayed and praye
Although in th̄, be
no alteracyon
But that v̄e me, like
as our selfes we saye
Mesutyng thy Justice, by oure
mutacyon
Chastise me not(oh lord) in thy
furor
Nor me correcte, in wrathful ca-
nygacyon
For that thy awomes, of feare,
of terror

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C. I.

DE

¶ Of sword, of sycknes, of famine,
of fyre

¶ Stiches depe in me, I (loo) fro
myne erroure

¶ Am plucked vp, as horse out of
the myre

¶ Scotch stroke of sputte, such is thy
hande on me

¶ That in my fleshe, for terror of
thy yre

¶ Is not one pount, of ferme stab
lytpe

¶ Nor in my bones, ther is no sted
fastnes

¶ Such is my dreade, of murde,
bylytpe

¶ For that I knowe, my fraylfull
wickednes

¶ For wher my synnes aboue my
bed are bounde

¶ Lyke hevy weightes, that doth
my force oppresse

¶ Under the whiche I stoupe, and
bowe to the grounde

As wylow plante, haled by vrg
 lence
 And of my fleshe, eeche not well
 cured wounde
 That festered is, by folye , and
 neclgence
 By secret luste, hath ranked vñ
 det skynne
 Not duely cured, by my peny-
 tence
 Perceyuyngc thus, the tyrampe
 of synne
 That with weyght, hath hubble
 and deprest
 My pypde, by grudgyng of the
 woxine within
 That never dyeth, I syue wyth-
 outen rest
 So are myne entrayles, Infect
 with fetuent soze
 Fedynge my harme, & my welch
 oppreste
 That in my fleshe, is lefte no hel-
 getherforze .

C. II. No.

So wonderous great, hath been
my vexacion

That it forced my harte, to cry
and rore

O lord thou knowest, thinwar
de contemplacion

Of my desire, thou knowest my
syghes and plaintes

Thou knowest, the teates of my
lamentacion

Cānot expresse, my hartes inwar
de restayntes

My harte pantethe, my force. I
feele it quaple

My sight, my eyes, my luke de-
cayes and fayntes

And when myne enemyes, dyd
me most assayle

My frendes most sure, wherethin
I set most trust

Myne owne vertues, sonest the
dyd fayle

And stode aparte, reason & wytt
vnusste

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As kyn hynkynde, were fardesse
gone at nedē

So had they place, ther venuime
out to thruste

That sought my death, by nau-
ghty worde and deade

Ther tonges reproche, their wit
dyd swabde applye

And I lyke deafe & dom, for the
my wavye yede

Lyke one that heres not, noz hath
to replye

Not one worde agayne, know-
yng that from thyne hande

These thynges procede, & thou
lorde shalte replye

My cruse in that, wherin I
lycke and siande

Yet haue I had, greate cause to
dreade and feare

That thou wouldeste gene, my
foes the ouer hande

For in my fal, they shewed such
pleasaunt cheere

(Thag)

That ther wytchal, I alway in
the lashe

Ibyde the stroke, and wytche me
every where

I beare my faulfe, that greate-
ly doth abashe

My dolefull cheare, for I my
faulfe confesse

And my deserfe, dothe al my cō-
ferte dashe

In the mene while, inne enemis
styll entease

And my prouokers, hereby doo
augmente

That without cause, to hurt me
do no cease

In euell for good, agaynst me
they be bente

And hynder shal, my good pre-
sente of grace

I do uowe my god, that seest my
whole entente

My lord I am, thou knowest in
what case

forsake

35
Forsake me not, be not far fraid
me gone

Haste to my helpe, haste lord, as
hast apace

O lord, the lord, of al my helpe
alone

The Auctor

Lyke as the pylgryme, þ in a lon-
ge way

Faintinge for hcate, prouoked
by some wynde

In some fresshe shade, lyeth downe
at middes of the day

So dothe of Dauid, the wryþ boy-
ce and mynde

Take breath of syghes, wher he had
songe thys laye

Under suche shade, as sorowe hath
assynde

And as thee tone, styll myndes hys
kyngage ende

50

So dothe the other, to mercye stylle
pretende

In fourre cordes, hys fingeres
he pretendes
Without hearyng, or Judgement
of the souuide
Downe of hys eyes, a creame of
teates discendes

Wythout felynge, that tryckell on
the grounde

As he that bledes in bayne, ryghte
so Intendes

Chalced sences to that, that they
are bounde

But syghe and wepe, he can none
other thyngē

And loke vp stylle, vnto the heauen
kyngē

But who hath ben, wythoure
the caue mouthe
And beatde thee teates, and syghes
that hym dyd strayne
He wold haue sworne, ther had ouer
of the southe

3 luke

A luke warine wynd, brought forth
A smoky rayne
But that so close the caue was, and
Winkoweth
That none but god, was recorde of
Hys payne
Els hadde the wynde blowen, in all
Israell eares
Of theyr kyng, the wofull playnte
And teates

+ Of whiche sorwe, part whē he
Was sapped had
Lyke as he, whō hys owne thoughte
Assayres
He turnes hys loke, hym seind that
the Hade
Of hys offence, agayne hys force
Assayres
By vvolente dispayre, on hym too
Iade
Sertynge lyke hym, whom sedayn
Dispayre dismayde
His herte he straynes, and frein his
Harte oute bringes

Hys

It hys songe that I note, wether he
cryeth or synges

Ps. 54.

Miserere mei deus



We on me Lord, for thy
goodnes and grace

That of thy nature,
arte so bountifull

For that goodnes, that
in thy worde dothe brace

Repugnant natures, in quiet wo-
derfull

And for thy mercyes, nober with-
oute ende

In heauen and earth, perceaued
So plentifull

That ouer al, they do them selues
extende

For hys increye, inoche more then
man can synne

Do a way my synne, that thy gra-
ce offendre

Oke tynes agayne washe me,
but washe me well wythin

And

And from my synnes , that thus
makes me astayde

Make thou me cleane , as eret
thy wonne hach bene

For vnto thee nowe, none can be
layde

For too prescrybe , comyssyon of
synne

In harte retourned, as thou thy
selfe hast sayde

And I besnowe my faulter, and
my negligencie

In my syghte, my synnes is fix-
ed faste

Therof too haue, more perfecte
penytence

To the aboue, to the haue I tres-
past

For none can cure my fault,
but thou alone

For in thy syght, I haue not ben
agaste

For to offend, iudging thy sight
as none

So that my faulfe, were hydde
From syghte of man

Thy matchye, so from my sight
Was gone

Thys knowe I, and repent, par-
don thou then

Wherby thou shalte kepe, sylle
thy worde stable

Thy iustice pure and cleane, be-
cause that when

I pardoned am, then forth with
Instable

Juste I am iudged, by iustice of
thy grace

For I my selfe, loo, thinge moste
Unstable

Formed in offence, conceaued in
lyke case

In nought, but synne from my
natuytie

We not these sayde, for myne ex-
cuse, ah alas

But of thy helpe, to she we neces-
sitle in warde

for

For loo, then leuest the truthe of
the harre

Whiche yet dothe I pue, in mooste
fydelite

Though he I haue falle, by traple
ouerthawte

For wylfull malyce, leade me not
the waye

So moche, as hathe thee flesche,
drawen me aparte

Wherfore (O Lorde) as thou hast
done alwaye

Teache me, the hydden wysdom
of thy lore

Since that my faythe, dothe not
yet decaye

And as the Jewes, to heale thee
lypper sore

Wythe Isoppe clense, clense me
and I am cleane

Thou shalte me waſhe, and more
then snowe therfore

I shalbe whpte, howe ſowle my
faulfe hath bene

Amen

Thou of my health, shall gladdon
me tydinges bringe
when from aboue, remissio shal-
be sene

Discende on earth, thou shalte for-
sye vpspringe

The bones, that were before con-
sumed to duste

Loke now, oh Lorde, vppon myne
offendyng

But do awaie my dedes, that are
vniuste

Make a cleane hart, in the middell
of my breste

With spypc vpyghte, boyded
from fylchpe luste

From thyne eyes cure, cast me not
in vnreste

Nor take from me, thec spypc of
holynesse

Render to me, soye of thy helpe &
heste

My wylle confirme, wþt the spi-
rite of stedfastnesse

And

And by thys, shall these golde
thynges ensue

Sonnets I shall, into thy way-
es addresse

They shall returne to the, and thy
grace sue

My tongue shall prayse, thy su-
ffication

My mouth shal spreade, thy glo-
rious prayse true

But of thy selfe, o God, thy sone
tation

It muste procede, by purgynge
me from bloode

Amonge the tuse, that I maye
haue relatyon

And of thy laudes, for to let out
the floode

Thou muste, oh lord, my lippes
syste vnloose

For yf thou haddeste, esteemed
pleasaunt good

The ouerarde dedes, that ouer-
wardes men disclose

I wold harie offred, vnto the
sacrifice

But thou delyst not, in no soche
glose

Of ouerward dede, as men dre-
me and dcsyse

The sacrifice, that the lord lyketh
moste

Is spirite contrype, lowe harre in
humble wyse

Thou doest accepte, o God, for
pleaunt hoste

Make Syon, Lorde, accordynge
to thy wyll

Inward Syon, the Syon of the
hoste

Of hartes, Ierusalcm strengthe
thy walles stille

Then shalte thou take for good,
the outwarde dedes

Of a sacrifice, thy pleasure too
fulfull

The

The Auctor

If deape secretes, that Dauid
ther dyd syng
Of mercye, of fayth, of frap-
tle, of grace
Of goddes goodnesse, and of fusty
fynginge
Thy goodnesse dyd so, astony hym
apace
As who myght saye, who hath ex-
pressed thys thynginge
I synner, I what haue I saide: ab-
glas
That gods goodnesse, wolde with-
in my songe entreat
Let me agayne, consyder and re-
peate

And so he doth, but expressed
by worde
But in hys hatte, he turnethe and
payseth

D.S.

Eche

The word that hys lyppes, my ghe
foordc abrode
He poiceth, he pawseth, he wodreth,
he prayseth
The merci that bydethe, of iustyce
the sword?
The iustyce that so, hys promyse ac
complisched
For hys wordes sake, to worthyles
deserte
That grants, hys grace, to me dothe
departe
Here bath he comfort, when he doth
measure
Measurles mercy, to measurles
fautes
To prodigale synners, Infintytre
treasure
Treasure celestyal, that incurt shal
defaulce
Ye, when that synne shall fayle, and
may not endure
Mercy shal reigne agayne, whome
Shal not assayle

PL

Of hell preuaple, by whome Ioe, at
 thyg daye
 Of heauen gates, temyſtpon is thee
 kaye
 And when Dauid, had pondered
 wel and tryed
 And seeth hym selfe, not outerly de
 pruyed
 For syght of grace, that darche of
 synne dyd hymde
 He syndeth hys hoopr moche, therē
 with reuyued
 He importeth on the lordē, on cuerp
 lide
 for he knowethe wel, that to mercy
 is ascribed
 Respecteles laboz, importune, crye,
 and call
 And thus begynneth hys sōg, therē
 wythall

Domine exaudi orationem
meam.

Ps. 102.

D. I. L. Lordē



Lord heare my prayer, &
let my crye passe

Unto the lord, with
out impedimente

Do not forbe me, to ut-
te thy merciful face

Unto my selfe, leauyngc my go-
uernement

In tyme of trouble, and aduert-
syse

Enclyne unto me, thyne care &
thyne entente

And when I call, helpe myne ne-
cessite

Redely graunte, thefete of my
desyre

Boldely too please thy Matie-
sye

And eke my case, soch haste doth
well requyre

For lyke a synke, my dayes are
past awaie

My bones dryed vp, as a fornace
with the fyre

My harte, my mynde, is wythe-

ced vp lyke haye

But I haue forgott, to take my
breade

My breade of lyfe, thee woorde of
truthe I saye

And for my paynfull syghes, &
my decade

My bones my strength, my ve-
ry force of mynde

Cleued to the fleshe, and from þ
spiritre were fledde

As desperate, thy mercye for to
fynde

So made I am, the soden pel-
lycane

And lyke the owle, that flyeth by
proper kynde

Lyght of the day, and hath her
self betane

To ruyne lyfe, oute of all com-
panye

Wþth waker care, that wþ this
woe beganne

Lyke thee sparrowc, was I So
lytarye

That

That lyttes alone, wulde ḡ hō
les caues

This whyle my foes, consyzed
contynually

And dyd prouoke, the harine of
my dysese

Wherfore lyke ashes, my bread
dyd me sauor

Of thy iust word, the tast might
not me please

Wherfore my drinke, I tempe-
red wþh lycoz

Of wepyng teares, that from
myne eyes dyd rayne

Because I knowe, the wrath of
thy furore

Prouoked by ryghte, had of my
þydc dyſdayue

For thou dyddest lyfte me vp, to
thrōwe me downe

To teache me, howe to know my
selfe agaynt

Wherby I knowe, that helpeleg
I shuld drowne

M

My daycs lke shadow declyn,
and I doo cryc

And the for euer, eternall dothe
drowne

Worlde wþhoute ende, dothe
last thy memory

For thyȝ stayltie, that yoketh al
man kynde

Thou shalt awake, and rive this
mysetye

Rue on Syon, Syon, that as I
fynde

Is thee people, that lyue vnder
the lawe

For now is tyme, the tyme at ha-
de assynde

The tyme so longe, that thy set-
uantes drowne

In greate desyre, to se that plea-
saunte daye

Daye of redemyng; Syon, fro
synnes awe

For they haue Ruyne, to see in
suche decaye

To

He bath abridged, my darys they
are not sure

To se that tyme, that syne so
wondrfull

All though I haue, with hart, will
and cure

Prayed to the Lord, take me not
awaye

In the middes of my ycares, tho
ughe thynge euer sure

Remayne eternall, whom tyme can
not decaye

Thou wroughtest the carthe, thy
handes the beaucns dyd make

They shall payfle, & thou shalt
last alwaye

And all thynges ape, shal wete
and ouertake

Lyke clothe, and thou shalt chaun-
ge the lyke apparel

Towne, and translaton, and they
in worthe it take

But thou thy selfe, thy selfe re-
mayneste hole

that

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That thou was erre, and shall
thy peare extende

Then sens to thyngs, there maye no
thyngē rebelle

The greateste compforte, that I
can pretende

Is, that the chylđren, of thy ser-
uauntes deare

That in the world are gotte, shall
wythoute ende

Before thy face, be stablyshed all
in feare

The Auctor

When Dauid, hadde perceaued
In hys brelle

The iypyte of God retourne, that
was cryed

Because he knewe, he hath alone ex-
preste

These greate thynges, that greate
Iypyte compyled

Is

As shawme or pipe, lettes out the
sounde impreste

By musyke atte forged, to fore
fyled

I saye, when Dauid hadde perceaued that, I wys
The spirite of compforte, in hym
renyued is

+ for ther upon, he maketh argumeunte

Of reconsylyng, vnto the Lordes
grace

Al thoughte somtyme, to prophecy
hathe lente

Bothe brute, beastes, and wycked
hartes a place

But oure Dauid, iudgeth in hys
enteinte

Hym selfe by penaunce, cleane oute
of thys case

sootherely he hathe recompnyon of
offence

And begynneth to alowe, hys payne
and penitence

But

¶ But when he weþt, the fault
and recompense
He dampneth hys dede, and syndeth
playne
Betwene them two, no what equiu-
lence
þoo he reþy he takethe, all outward
dedes in bavine
To bear the name, of ryghtfull pe-
nitence
þoo hþch is alone, th; hatte returned
agayne
And soze contryte hart, that doþ his
faulþe bemonie
And outward dede, the synne or few-
te alone

+ þooþt thys he doþe defende,
the eye assaulte
Of bavinc aloweance, of hys owne
deserte
And all the glorye, of hys forȝeu[n]d
faulþe
To God alone, he doþe it holc
conuerte

Hys

Hys owne myrtle, he syndeth in de-
faulce
And whyles he pondered these chin-
ges in hys harte
Hys knee, hys arme, hys haunde set-
steyned hym chilme
Wher he hys songe, agayne thus
dyd begynne

Ps. 130.

De profundis clamaui ad te domine.

Rōm depth of synne, &
frōm depe dispayre
frō depth of deeth, frō
depth of hartes sorowe
frō this depe caue, of
darkenes, depe repaire
The haue I called (O Lorde) to be
my borowe
Thou in my boyce, O Lorde, per-
ceue and hear
My harte, my hope, my playnte,
my ouerthowe
My wyll to ryle, and let by graunt
appare

Chas

That to my bosome, thyne eares do
well attende

No place so farre, that to the is
not neate

Noo depth so depe, that thou ne
mayst e extende

Thyne eare sett to therto, heare the
my wofull playnte

For Lord, yf thou doo obserue,
what men doo offend

And putte the natyue mettyme, in
restreynte

If Iuste exactyon, demaunde re-
compence

Who maye endure, O Lorde,
who shall not faynte

At soche accompte, vede, and no
cuerence

Shoulde so runne at large, but
thou sekest rather loue

For in thy hande, is mettyme
tesydence

By hope, wherof thou doest
our hastes moue

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In the Lorde, haue sette my con-
fydence

My soule soche trueth, dothe e-
uermore approue

Thy holpe worde, of eterne excel-
lenc e

Thy mercyes promyse, that is all
waye iuste

Haue ben my staye, my piller and
• preuence

My soule in God, hath e more de-
syrous trust

Then hath the watchmen, loking
for the bare

By thy relife, to quenche of slepe
the thurst

Lette I straill truste, to the Lord
alwaye

for grace and fauor, are hys pro-
pertie

Blenteouse ransome, shall come
wyth hym I saye

And shall redene, all oure
inquisite

¶
Athe

The Auctor

Thus woyde, redeine, that in his
mouthe dyd sounde
Dyd putte Dauid, it semeth
vnto me
As in a traunce, to stace vpon thce
grounde
And wþt hys thoughte, the hyghte
of heauen to see
þoþre he beholdes, thee woyde that
shulde confounde
The woyde of dcathe, by humilitate
here to be
In mortall mayde, in mortal habite
made
Eternallye, in mortall bawle too
Shade
Kþe seyth that woyde, whē ful
type tyme shulde come
Doo awayc that bawle, by feruent
affection
Courtne of wþt deathe, for deathe
Shulde haue her doime

C. i And

And lepeth lyghter, frome soche cor-
ruption

The glute of lyghte, that in the ayre
dothe come

Man redcmeth, death hathe her de-
struction

That mortall baple, hathe immor-
talytie

To David, assuraunce of hys in-
quitie

Wherby he frames, thys rea-
son in hys herte

That goodnes, whych doth not for-
bear hys sonne

From death for me, and can therby
conuerte

My death to lyfe, my synne to sal-
uation

Wothc can, and wyll, a smalce grace
depatte

To hym that sueth, by humble sup-
plication

And syng, I haue thys larger grace
assayde

To

To aske thys thinge, why am I the
affrayde

He grauntech moste , to them
that moste do craue
And he delyghtes , in sute wþþoutte
respecte

Alas, my sonne pursues me to the
gtaue

Suffered by God, my synnes for to
correcte
But of my synnes, synnes I may par-
don haue

My sonnes syng, shall ther talye be
tellete

Then wyll I craue , wþþ sute con-
fydence

And thus begynne the sucte of hys
pretence

Domine exaudi orationem meam.

 Hear my prayer, o lord,
heare my requeste
Complie my bone,
supply me my desyze
Not for my desett, but

for thyne owne behest

Ps. 143.

In whose firme truthe, thou promis~~a~~
myne empyre

To stande stable, and after thy
willynge

Performe, oh Lorde, that thyng~~e~~
that I require
But of law, after the forme and
guise

To enter iudgement, wiche thea
thral bonde slauie

To plede bys right, for in soch
maner wyle

Befor thy syghte, noo man bys
tyghte shall saue

For of my self, lo, thys my righte
ousnesse

By scorge and whyppe, and pyc-
kyng sputres I haue

I cam tyse vp, such is my beast
lynes

for that myne enemys hath put
med my lyfe

And in the dyste, hathe soyled my
lystnes

Forreyne realmes, to flee hys rage
so ryte

He hathe me forste, as deade to
hyde my heade

And forbycause, within my self
at ryfe

My hatte, spryte, wyt he all my
force ware fledde

I had recourse, to times that ben
paste

And dyd remember, thy deades
In al my dzedde

And dyd percuse, thy worckes þ
ever last

Wherby I knowe, aboue these
wonders al

Thy mercyes were, then lyfte I
þp in hast

My handes to thee, my soule to
the dyd call

Lyke bare soyle, for moyster of
thy grace

Haste to my helpe (O lord) afor
I fall

for

For ever I fele, my splyte doth
faulce apace

Turne not thy face from me. ¶

I be layede

In compt of them, that headlin
ge downe doo passe

Into the pvt, shewe me be tunes
thyne ayde

For on thy grace, I holly do de
pende

And in thy handes, since all my
helth is stayed

Do me to know, what way thou
wylte, I bende

For unto the, I haue raysed vp
my mynde

Rydde me (oh lord) from them
that do entende

My foes to be, for I haue me
assigned

Alwaye wyrthyn, thy secrete pro
tection

Teache me thy wyl, that I by ¶
may fynde

Athe

The way to worke, the same in affectyon

for thou my god, thy blessed spirit
rite bptryght

In laude of truthe, shall be my
dyrectyon

Thou for thy name, shal reueue
my spypce

Wyrthm the ryght, that I receve
tue by the

Wherby my lyfe, of daunger
shalbe quye

Thou haste fordone, the greate
Inquytye

That verte my soule, thou shalt
also confounde

My foes (oh lord) for thy be-
nignite

For thyne am I, thy seruaunte
moste bounde

F I R E S.

Cum praeuilegio ad imp; mendum;

Solum,

M.D.XLII. The last
day of December,

